

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

LIBRARY

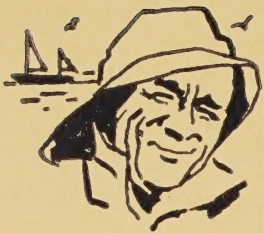
MOUNTAIN— ECHOES



AUGUST

1953

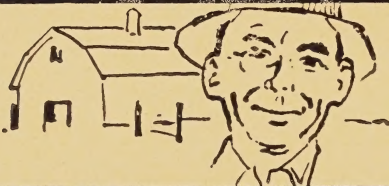




from Coast-to-Coast



*Canadians in all
walks of life shop
from EATON'S
catalogues...*



for value — selection — dependability —

IT PAYS TO SHOP AT EATON'S

Go shopping the easy EATON Mail Order way. Choose your order from EATON'S current Catalogue and enjoy the widest selection of merchandise and the best all round values available in Canada.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

A.H. CAMPBELL

Warden

MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of Major-General R. B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is desired to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, to serve for the promotion of useful thought and activity within the institution.

No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice, will be published. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration.



We are indebted to Bulman Bros, printing firm of Winnipeg, for the use of the color 'cuts' on our cover and for the 'cuts' in this issue. Our thanks also to Judge Hamilton who on our behalf, made this arrangement possible.

Editorial

There are many reasons why men steal, none of them pleasant. Some are as obvious as they are tragic. Life does not always provide us with the rewards or even the opportunities to which our abilities entitle us. It is an unpalatable fact. Most people manage to face it sooner or later but some never become resigned to it or adjusted, as the psychologists say. Most men adjust themselves to realities very well. They become happy, useful citizens. The remainder fill our jails, our hospitals, our mental hospitals and our penitentiaries. These are the people who find it impossible to make the necessary adjustments to reality that life demands from all of us. Sometimes it is said to be a harsh, cruel world. And the mis-fits in society do not help any. All too often many men (and women too for that matter) resort to drink or dope in order to shut out reality. This is the beginning of the end. It is as useless to condemn such creatures as it is to pity them. It is important to the rest of the community that these people should be viewed not only with sympathy, but with clarity. Maudlin sentimentality can do neither them nor the community any good.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor G. Enns.

Contributing Editors.

S. Smith.
A. Seguin.
R. Belloff.
S. Severson.
B. Winters.
S. Cooper.
G. Gagnon.

COMPOSITORS.

B. Winters.
H. Mitchell.
F. Michalski.

Cuts by Winters and
Mitchell

Mountain Echoes is published monthly. Subscription rates are \$ 1.00 yearly (12 issues). Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, 1951. Those wishing to subscribe may do so by addressing their remittances to Mountain Echoes, c/o Warden, Box 101, Stony Mountain, Manitoba.

Mountain Echoes

August

Vol. 2.

No. 12

C O N T E N T S

- 2 Editorial
- 3 Index
- 4 How Helpless Can We Get
- 6 His Sister
- 9 Things I'd Like To See
- 10 What Is A Judge
- 12 Rehabilitation From The Inside
- 14 Baseball
- 16 What Is The Answer
- 18 Hang Them He Says
- 19 Movie Pest
- 20 Boxing At The Mountain
- 21 Tiny Bits
- 22 Job Selection For Inmates
- 24 Communist Dream
- 26 The Assassination
- 27 Fish Tales
- 28 Penal Echo-ettes

We are never deceived; we deceive ourselves
- Goethe

HOW

HELPLESS

Can We Get ?

by S. C. Smith

Since the introduction of the Sports Program in Federal Penal Institutions a number of people on the outside have become actively interested in our welfare. I realize that each penitentiary across Canada has its individual benefactors. With the introduction of competition between pen hockey and softball teams and outside teams, plus the admittance of various personages to these games, a certain amount of groundwork has been laid towards a better understanding between society and the men serving time for crimes against that same society.

Society must be starting to realize that the Sports Program has its points, although, now and then one reads the twitterings of some misinformed character who feels that we are being "molly-coddled." Whilst a man is engaged in competitive sport he is not locked in a cell planning his next escapade. At least, that is the general idea. As I said before, many people have stepped forward to prove to us that they believe in the future.

As the seasons go by, each with its particular sport, we see examples of

friendship as offered to us by certain people on the outside. During the summer, if we need baseball equipment over and above the allotment set by the government, one of our benefactors produces same. This applies to all other forms of sport in this institution. Just recently boxing was approved by Ottawa, we have put on two cards so far. These were made possible by the kind donations of various friends on the outside who came through with the necessary equipment. We've just run off our third Annual Sports and Field Day. Everything which went to make up that day, trophies, prizes, softdrinks, hot-dogs etc. were the result of donations from interested people. Can anyone doubt their sincerity?...You're probably wondering just what this is leading up to, what's my point?.....Well, I'm just trying to figure out what we're doing in return, besides putting the bum on these same people as soon as we hit the street?

Just because these people are willing to help us make our time a little easier, simply because they spare no

expense to help our sports events, is no reason for us to expect them to adopt us on our release. Every day we hear of one of these people having the "bite" put on them by an ex-inmate, who feels that rehabilitation begins by begging some generous minded person who has already helped him do his time,

The sooner we begin to realize that these people owe us nothing, the sooner we'll make some attempt to put our own foot forward. Actually we owe them. We certainly owe them the attempt to live up to their faith in us.

At one time I would have given this matter no thought at all. I went out of here with the idea that the world was an open market for just me. I ran into people whom I had met here as visitors. I immediately extended the hand, not for the sake of friendship but for the eventual shake-

down.

The funny thing about it was, that even after successfully negotiating "a loan," I didn't feel too proud of it. I know it's being done everyday across Canada. The only way for it to stop, is for every dischargée to be determined not to park on our benefactor's doorstep until he or she kicks through with a hand-out. They'll give and give and give some more, but let's draw a line somewhere.

The whole truth of the matter is this; as long as we rely on people helping us, we'll never try to help ourselves. We must appreciate what people are doing for us. Let's show in some other way than putting the bum on them the minute we leave here. Let's stop barging into their offices and homes as though we've known them all our lives. They gave us a break while we were in here, let's give them a break when we leave.

STRANGE PRACTICE

A queer custom once prevailed in western England: when a girl wanted to break her engagement, all she had to do was present her lover with a knife and the whole thing was off. It wasn't as simple as it sounds: records indicate that the young blade who recieved the knife often used it on the fickle object of his affections!

.....Paper Clips.

... this would be the first time he would be parted from ...

HIS SISTER

by Harold E. Mitchell



The judge rapped his gavel for silence, and a hush descended over the courtroom as he addressed the prisoner in the dock.

"The jury has found you guilty. Have you anything to say before I pronounce sentence upon you?"

"No, your Honor," Tommy answered with a resigned expression on his face.

Tom Bates was a young man, seventeen to be exact. He was of slight build and very thin. His head was covered with a shock of black, wavy hair; his face though, belied the fact of youth and seemed mature. And as the judge turned to the papers on his desk, a sudden change crossed his face and his features became strained and tense.

The judge straightened in his chair and peered over his horn-rimmed spectacles down at him. He said: "It is the duty of this court to sentence you to three years in the penitentiary and upon your release, I hope that you will have learned your lesson."

There was a stifled cry behind Tommy, a cry of pain. He turned to

see his sister, Ruth. And as he looked at her, her face was dead white and filled with fear, then, it suddenly crumpled and she pulled out a handkerchief and held it pressed tightly against her eyes. Her shoulders moved convulsively, but there was no sound. It was a tight, terrible kind of weeping.

"Tommy!" She cried out. "You.... you're so young...." He went to her and she threw her arms about him and held him tightly.

He felt the warm, wet tears against his cheek, he felt her body quivering against him. "It's all right, Ruth. Don't cry. Please." He whispered, his voice trembling with emotion. This was the first time they would be parted; they had always been very close to one another. And now an immense chasm was opening and widening between them. He held her tightly and stroked her soft, golden hair.

The bailiff standing nearby tapped Tommy on the shoulder. "Let's go, Tommy." And as he was being led away, he glanced back and his lips quivered as he saw the tears flowing freely down his sister's cheeks, and

his father, who with unbending back, his lips compressed together tightly attempting to hide his emotions, held her trembling shoulders.

"Oh, God!" he muttered.

Life in the penitentiary was hard for Tommy. He had always been a sickly child and because of this condition he had to forgo many of the activities of which he yearned to participate in.

And of all sports, baseball, was his favorite game. He had kept records of every major league team, the pitchers' wins and losses; the batting averages. It was his love, his sole occupation and interest with the exception of his sister. He included Ruth in everything he did. And on many occasions he had taken her to the local ball park to watch the teams in action.

His love for the game brought him out to try for a position on the prison team. He had always wanted to be a pitcher and had always dreamed of being another Bob Feller or Robin Roberts. He had neither the strength nor the stamina to keep up with the other players and as time went along he resigned himself to this fact and was contented only to watch the games from the bench.

During the month of August, word was spread throughout the penitentiary that because of the fine sportsmanship and ability displayed by the Blues while on the diamond, visitors would be allowed to watch one of the games.

Several days later, Tommy received a letter from his father. In it his father explained that he belonged to the Rotary Club which was sponsoring

the team that would be coming out on Sunday to play the Blues, and his sister would be among the visitors in attendance. The letter went on to say that though they would be able to see one another from a distance, they would not be allowed to talk to each other.

Tommy re-read the letter over and over again, not knowing exactly what to do. Many questions arose in his mind, full and insistent, all demanding. How could he let his sister know that he was doing all right? Would he be able to glimpse her face once again?

Then he remembered Dick, who was coach of the Blues. During spring tryouts, instead of discouraging him, Dick had constantly encouraged and helped him to overcome his awkwardness. That afternoon he and Dick had a long talk about Sundays' games.

Sunday finally arrived and when the visitors entered the prison, Tommy saw his father and sister take their places in the stands. He looked with longing eyes at the serene beauty of her face. She was dressed in white, with white beads around her tanned throat and a white flower tucked in her golden hair which floated about her shoulders. He yearned to go over and talk to her.

The game started and he was soon caught up in its excitement. The innings passed rapidly and it was a hard-fought contest. At the beginning of the eighth inning, with the score tied, Tommy asked the Coach. "Now, Dick?"

"Gee, kid, you'll have to wait for awhile and we'll see how the team (continued on next page)

makes out this inning."

Going into the ninth with the score still tied, the coach called the players around him. After several minutes had elapsed, the players broke from the huddle and smiling at Tommy, trotted out to their positions. Dick walked towards him and tossing him the ball, said: "OK, kid. This is it. The game is all tied up and she's all yours."

Tommy walked out to the mound and took his warm-up pitches.

"Batter up!" called the umpire.

The first batter stepped up to the plate and Tommy toed the rubber and started his wind-up. The members of his team suddenly came to life and yelled words of encouragement, repeating his name over and over again in the phrases of baseball jargon.

"Come on, Tommy.....Come on, Tommy boy..Chuck 'em in Tommy"

At the cry of Tommy's name, his sister in the stands raised her head listening eagerly for the call of his name and looked towards the pitchers' mound. A smile crossed her face as she remembered Tommy's love for the game. Her eyes became blurred and tears trickled down her cheeks, not tears of desolation but happy ones.

The visiting team pounded and battered every pitch Tommy threw and even as the score mounted, Tom-

my's team-mates continued to clamor and holler his name, just as if he were making the batters do what he had always yearned to do....by striking them out.

The game ended with the Blues on the short end of a nine to five score. But instead of the team being disheartened about losing the game, they all seemed to have a proud look on their faces. Tommy was so happy about being able to pitch in the game in front of his sister, even for one inning that his eyes became misty, and as one of the tears which had been quivering on his eye-lashes overflowed and trickled down his cheek, he wiped it away unashamed that his fellow inmates could see this.

As the visitors filed out of the prison, one of the inmates came up to Dick and asked why he had put Tom in to pitch instead of Jim, a good steady pitcher, who might have won the game for them.

Dick turned and pointed his finger at the girl in white walking beside her father as they were going through the gate.

"Do you see that girl?" asked Dick.

"The one with the old man?" questioned the man.

"Yes." said the coach. "Well, that is Tommy's sister and she was born blind."

The only good is knowledge, and the only evil ignorance.....Diogenes

Things I'd Like To See

by Smithy

A certain Yankee fan in this institution quit acting like Casey Stengel and give up putting the "bunt sign" on, with the bases loaded and nobody out with his team leading at the time.

A few ball players so that Len Bernhardt, coach of the A Bucs can get off my shoulder and let it dry.

An article by Buck on his experiences along the "straight and narrow." Could be that it might be the means of an inspiration to someone.....

A change in the letter writing regulations. Someone with the power to do so look into this matter.

A few of the so-called experts on Penology who keep airing their views in various newspapers across the country give up if they can't offer anything constructive.

Someone explain to "Mousey" that you don't have to necessarily clear the sacks to be credited with a sacrifice.

The Penal Press across the country consider the idea of an "Ex-Convicts Anonymous" as suggested in this column in a past issue.

The guy who occasionally beats old George Powers for his canteen weed, give himself up as a dead-beat.

Someone inform that "Fugitive from Arkansas" with the dark glasses, that his co-worker is pretty near exhausted and would welcome some assistance.

A little more space be given in the Penal Press to the folks who are really paying for our misdeeds - Mothers, Wives, Sisters, Brothers etc.

A dominion wide probationary system established. Its goal? The reclamation of juveniles who's future under the present set-up is "time" and more "time."

A compulsory schooling regulation be made effective immediately for the benefit of these youngsters who are continually being thrown into these institutions because society can not or will not attempt to help them.

Some method of supplying new men who come in, with a means of lighting their smoke.

An umpire and or hockey school be permanently established to eliminate the continual bickering about the officiating.

Some of these guys who are constantly making errors on the diamond, remember that fact when they so quickly jump the Umpires for some alleged error in judgement.



What Is A Judge?



by Carl Sandberg *via Pioneer News*

What is a judge? The perfect judge is austere, impersonal, impartial, marking the line of right or wrong by a hairsbreadth.

Before him, bow humbly, bow low, be a pilgrim, light a candle, for he is a rara avia, a rare bird, a white black-bird, a snow white crow.

What is a judge? One may be the owner of himself, coming to his decisions often in a blur of hesitations, knowing by what snarl courses and ropes of reason justice operates, with reservations, in twilight zones.

What is a judge? Sometimes a mind giving one side the decision and the other side a lot of language and sympathy, sometimes washing his hands and rolling a pair of bones and leaving equity to a pair of galloping ivories.

What is a judge? He is a man. Yes, after all, no matter what and beyond procedure and investures, a judge is nothing more or less than a man--one man having his one-man path, his one-man circle and orbit among other men each of whom is one man.

Therefore, should any judge open his mouth and speak as though his words have an added light and weight beyond the speech of any one man?

Of what is he the mouthpiece when he speaks?

Of any ideas of passions other than those gathered and met in the mesh of his own personality? Can his words be measured forth in so special a realm of extract instructed by tradition that they do not relate to the living transitory blood of his vitals and brain the blood so soon to cool in evidence of his moral kinship with other men?

In the light of the cold glimmer of what everybody knows why should the owners of the judge speak respect for the law and the sanctity of the Constitution when they know so well how justice has been taken for a ride and thrown gagged and beaten into a ditch?

Why is it now the saying of the people, "You can't convict a million dollars?"

Why does a hoary proverb live on its allegation that the nets of the law gathers the petty thieves and let the big ones get away? What does this mean in the homes of the poor? How does it connect with crime and the poor?

One - two - three, five - six - seven, every day the police, this skulker who stole a bottle of milk, seize and the

stole a bottle of milk, seize the courts order to jail, this shadow who ran off with a loaf of bread, this wanderer who purloined a baby sweater in a basement salesroom.

And the case is dismissed of the railroad yard plain-clothes detective who repeatedly called "Stop" to a boy running with a sack of coal and the boy not stopping, and the cop let him have it, "It was dark and I could not see him clear and I aimed at his legs. My intention was to stop him running. I did not mean for the bullet to go so high on him."

Thieves? Yes. Little thieves. And the big shots are something else? Yes. And you can't convict a million dollars? Not unless Tuesday is Saturday neighbor.

What is a jury? Twelve men picked by chance and a couple of lawyers. Twelve good men and true or not-so-good, six of one and half a dozen of the other.

A jury? A bundle of twelve men, a dozen human sticks, light and dark with loves and hates. Protestant, Catholic, Jew, free thinker, merchant, farmer, working man, thief, wets and dries, union and scab, savers and spenders, tight-wads and crapshooters, locked in a room to come out saying Yes in one voice, No in one voice, or

else, "Don't ask us what is justice, we agree to disagree," all in one voice.

A jury? Twelve names pulled out of a hat. Twelve people picked blindfolded from a city directory of a polling list. The next twelve crossing Main Street, two blocks from the post office: Odd Fellows, Masons, Knights of Columbus, Deacons, poker-players, Democrats, Republicans, Independents, Ku Klux, Anti Ku Klux, chippies, chasers, teetotalers, converts and back-sliders.

Now you've got a jury. Add a few lawyers. Add newspapers town gossips "What everybody says." Add witnesses and evidence. Add it all. The jury verdict is guilty, not-guilty, or agree to disagree.

"Do you solemnly swear before the ever-living God that the testimony you are about to give in this cause shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"No, I don't. I can tell you what I saw and I'll swear to that by the ever-living God, but the more I study it, the more sure I am that nobody by the ever-living God knows the whole truth, and if you summoned Christ as a witness in this case, what he would tell you, would burn your insides with the pity and the mystery of it."

A happily married woman is one who has to go to a movie

for a good cry. - Dan Bennett

Rehabilitation

From The Inside

by R. Belloff

It is only a few years ago that prisons across Canada were hotbeds of discontent, seething with unrest and liable to erupt in rioting at any time. Treatment was harsh and punishment for the least infraction of the rules was severe. Instead of coming out a man, changed for the better, inmates left the institutions in a bitter mood, thinking only of getting back at society for the way they were treated while serving time.

Since the beginning of the new deal in Canadian Penology this has changed considerably and the full effects of it can only be judged in the years to come.

Entering a federal institution today, the new prisoner is treated like a human being. After a short period of adjustment he finds that there are many activities in which he can participate, activities which are encouraged and supported by the administration. The most important and of course the most popular is sports. Today, Canadian penitentiaries have a full time physical training instructor on their staffs, in whose hands lay the co-ordination of the various sports activities. He is supported by an in-

mate sports committee.

During the summer months, the main activity is baseball, and the success of the Stony Mountain Giants, comprised of the best players in the institution, proves that if given the opportunity, even people who by some standards are considered misfits, know how to "play the game" and can be outstanding at it.

Leagues have been formed inside the various institutions, which compete against each other. In that way teaching peaceful competition and fairness. Many of the players never took an interest in active sports on the outside and as time went along found out, to their own surprise, that they were good at it.

During the winter, hockey, is the main sport. In both baseball and hockey, outside teams are brought into the institution every Sunday. The inmates look forward to these Sunday afternoons with great anticipation, where formerly under the old system Sundays were dreaded as they meant being locked up for 24 hours with an exercise period of only 20 minutes.

Besides baseball and hockey, there is boxing, and on July 1. of every

year since 1951 all sports activities come to a grand climax in a field day when all inmates compete in track and field events that are judged by outside sports enthusiasts. However, activities in Canadian penitentiaries are not confined to sports alone. "A Citizens Forum" has been formed, which meets every Sunday morning. Periodically, outside speakers are invited and their discussions of interesting topics of the day are heard. This gives the inmates with a gift for public speaking an opportunity to address their fellow prisoners on subjects of their choice.

A brass band and dance orchestra have been formed recently and while at present the members are still making noises which have to be translated into music, it is assured that in a few months hence they will be able to entertain their fellow inmates regularly, and also lend sparkle to any activities inside the institution.

Very active A. A. Groups, both French and English, have been working inside the institution for several years now, holding regular meetings every week and reporting very good success. All these activities make life in prison more bearable and what is more important yet, they give inmates interests which formerly were repressed and an outlet for the surplus energy which logically accumulates during the long hours of confinement in cells.

Having described these various activities which have been introduced into Canadian penal institutions during

the last few years, people on the outside may get the impression that life in a penitentiary is too soft and that inmates are being coddled. That's definitely not the case. Discipline still is and always will be strict. The fact that being shut-out from all normal activities on the outside alone is a punishment in itself. Here are men of all ages, strictly screened against all outside influence, shut up in a cell alone for many hours of the day and night, who up to a few short years ago had no opportunity even to talk to each other. They naturally tried to circumvent every rule and regulation that was in effect. They looked upon the guards as their natural enemies and sullenly did the work to which they were assigned. When the day of release finally dawned, they left the institution, in most cases as embittered men, only thinking of ways and means to get back at those who imprisoned them.

Today, with various activities to keep their minds occupied, inmates have something else to occupy their minds rather than with revenge and hatred. For that alone, the new deal in Canadian Penology should be recommended and applauded by the Canadian people. Many things have yet to be done to make Canadian penal institutions places of crime prevention instead of breeding places for crime, but much has been achieved already as can readily be seen by this magazine, another outcrop of the new deal in Canadian penitentiaries.





BASEBALL

GIANTS'		RECORD	
G. P.	Won	Lost	Tied
11	11	0	0

The playing agreement that the Giants have with the Greater Winnipeg Senior Mens' Legion Softball League is working out very well to date - - that is well for the "Giants". Competition this year has proven to be much stiffer and decidedly keener.

Giants Still Win!

During the month of July, the Giants continued in their winning ways by subduing all visiting opposition. However when the Duke of Kent Branch of the Canadian Legion invaded our local "Walled-off Astoria," it looked as if the Giants had for the first time met their match. For five innings, a dark cloud of oppression hung over them, as they battled under a two run deficit. In the early innings, Pilon had difficulty in finding the plate with his pitches, and the infield was shaky. However in the fifth they finally settled down, and from there on in gathered eight hits and were assisted by six big D of K errors to win 6-2. It was the Giants sixth straight victory. St. Marie pitched well for the Duke of Kent. Pilon struck out eight.

'B' LEAGUE CHATTER

"B" BUCS continue to show their heels to everyone else in their division, and do not look the least bit inclined to weaken. The LEAFS and DODGERS are still fighting for second spot in the league, with the LEAFS having a slight edge. The CARDS seem to be hopelessly mired in the cellar. Ignat, their first manager resigned. I guess the managers cannot be to blame when they need ball players.

Ukrainian
Pac
best g
were
throu
Ston
big h
about
other
ern C
Giant
pulle
game.
Legio
heads
Hilde
Pilon
batter
share
chief

'A'

Baseball teams are as
"Cards" of our local "A"
their division by three p
and only three points ou
for quite some time were
imports and a few shrev
writing they are only tw
take over the second spo
and out aggregation, alt
Their pitching is weak a
quarter, it appears as if
coach "Smokey" says, 'The BUCS seem to be a
out too much difficulty

An
At
Le

egion....2

Giants....3

ands were treated to what proved to be the
f the season to date. Brilliant fielding plays
rder of the day and dominated the game
. An undreamed of triple play, the first in
tain history, pulled the Legionaires out of a
he third inning, and the fans are still talking
double play in the fourth got them out of an-
ll of which proved why they were the West-
Champions of 1952. Benning paced the
e plate with two doubles and a single, and
well hit line drive in the ninth to end the
e all around effort. Spicer started for the
gave up to Leban in the third and pitched
ll for six innings and struck out seven.
the Legion catcher was a tower of strength.
tirelessly for the Giants and set down 14
he "Whiff Route" and to him goes the lions
ell deserved win. Bill Lorette and H. Watkins
e for the Legion League handled the game.

LEAGUE CHATTER

ictable as racehorses. Take for instance the
e. Three short weeks ago they were leading
oday, they are seven points behind the BUCS
iding the basement position. The LEAFS who
erling around, have, with the help of Eastern
les come into a contending position. At this
ts behind the Cards, and look as if they will
y time. The DODGERS continue to be an in
they are only one point behind the LEAFS.
ss they get some help from somewhere in this
e doomed to remain in the league cellar. As
a war, first in peace, but last in the league."
to win the "A" League title, and should with-
e championship,

HTLIFTING and BODY-BUILDING

ss is held six nights a week at the local gym.
no desires to obtain the physique of Charles
e their names to any one of the following:
e, O'Hara, Wannop.



DURING THE MONTH

A.N.A.F. No. 4. 2 Giants 4
Weston Legion 0 Giants 2

In this encounter, Pilon pitched a one
hitter.

"A" League Standings

Team	W.	L.	T.	Pts.
Bucs.	13	7	1	27
Cards	11	10	0	22
Leafs	9	10	2	20
Dodgers	9	11	1	19

Big Four

Player	AB.	H.	W.	SO.	Pct.
Bernhardt	42	17	11	5	.405
Benning	43	17	1	2	.395
Holing	35	13	2	4	.386
Glutyk	44	17	7	4	.386

"B" League Standings

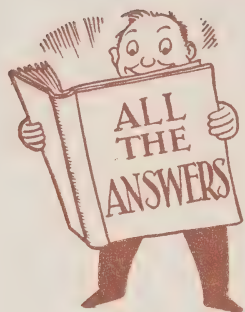
Team	W.	L.	T.	Pts.
Bucs	12	6	1	25
Leafs	11	8	1	23
Dodgers	8	10	2	18
Cards	5	12	2	12

Big Four

Player	AB.	H.	W.	SO.	Pct.
Lawson	53	27	7	6	.509
Mitchell	45	21	2	1	.467
Gauthier	38	17	5	3	.447
Trojan	55	24	2	1	.436

In England, the legalization of drugs is in effect through the use of clinics. Any *known* drug addict can, if he wishes, register with these clinics and obtain his daily supply of drugs at a very nominal cost compared to the exorbitant prices of the underworld. This system curbs considerably drug addiction and the petty thefts perpetrated by addicts in order to obtain drugs at the rates set by the underworld. It must be remembered, that drug addiction is discouraged there, and addicts are at all times encouraged to break the habit.

What
Is



The
Answer?

by J. Stephens

I read an article in the April-May issue of the *Echo* written by Steve Bolonchuck and while I agreed with him on certain points, I felt the urge to express my own views on this problem.

I am a drug addict and have been using drugs since the year of 1926. That year marked the beginning of a very sad existence. I've done nothing but serve jail terms from the very first prick of the needle. Why? People have asked me time and again just why a person keeps going back to drugs after serving a number of years without them. Up until now, I have been at a loss for an answer. I have never left one institution with an honest craving for drugs, and yet on the day of my release, I took what we addicts term, 'a joy pop.' I suppose that was the beginning of the end each time. In my mind I probably received the impression that on being released from the penitentiary, that I was lonely and that nobody wanted

me. To escape this feeling and find contentment I turned to drugs. Right or wrong, that's what happened each time. Several non-users have asked me if there is a cure for the drug addict. I will go on record as saying, that there definitely is. But only one cure. It must be in the mind. A strong effort of will power and an honest urge to stop using. That's the only cure.

Today, society is definitely down on the addict. They will condemn without a moments thought as to what actually goes on behind the scenes. As long as society is indifferent to the drug menace (unless of course, it affects ones' own particular little world) the drug menace will remain. Even the police are indifferent to a degree. A conviction is all that counts with them. The means of obtaining that conviction might be questioned, if there was anyone willing or interested enough to question it.

From the common drug addicts' point of view, he or she is hurting no

one too badly, certainly they are hurting themselves much more. A great ado has been raised recently against the addicts. In Vancouver, teen-agers were found mixed-up in the use of drugs. Throughout the United States the situation is similar. The direct result is a pressure brought to bear upon all addicts in general. But has anyone thought to ask the question: Where do the addicts obtain their drugs from? That problem should be solved first.

The Habitual Criminal Act was brought into being as a direct result of society's anxiety over the drug question. Addicts are being put away for indefinite periods if apprehended with narcotics in their possession. It has reached a point where a man can be sent to prison for the rest of his life for being in possession of a drug addicts' paraphernalia, which according to the police contained "traces" of narcotics.

In England, the addict question is very small and to a certain degree under control. Drugs are legally distributed to known addicts by the use of clinics. In Canada where the "pedlar" has an open market, the addicts are in the thousands with the majority known to officials. The pedlar masses a fortune on his own time by selling drugs; society becomes a victim to various petty thefts which over a year amount to a huge sum. These petty thefts are committed in order to pay the high prices of drugs on the

blackmarket. Now the juveniles are are mixed up in the narcotic racket. It is a tragedy to see a teen-ager using drugs, but I believe one thing must be made clear at this point. No one uses drugs unless they desire to do so. The teen-agers are seeking a "thrill" and in their ignorance they believe they will find it in drugs. In all my experience, I have never seen an older addict coax a younger person to begin using narcotics. On the contrary, I have often heard older addicts refuse to become a party to a youth's wishes to become an addict.

It must be repeated that if a person honestly desires to stop using drugs, they can do so. But it must be entirely on their own initiative. An effort must be put forward. However, the medical authorities should realize the terrific amount of good which could be accomplished by establishing clinics and legalizing the distribution of narcotics.

The younger generation must be our first consideration. By legalizing the sale of drugs, through clinics, you take the "thrill" of obtaining it away. To obtain it now, the youths must mingle with the underworld. To them, that is where the thrill comes in. They mix with shady characters, who people the underworld. Soon they themselves become members of that underworld. If legalizing the sale of drugs will put a halt to this, then I say it is well worth the try.

"HANG THEM!" He says

by H. Ceretti

In the June 20th, issue of a prominent Winnipeg daily, one, R.S. Hooton, attempted in a rather sad manner, to display his personal feelings towards criminals in general. In the Letters to the Editor column, this budding Shakespeare, in seven weary verses, displayed a rather sorry state of mind; entitled, "With Lash and Rope." This poem was supposed to reply to certain Members of Parliament at Ottawa who apparently were in favor of abolishing Capital Punishment. The gist of this attempt at poetry, is that all criminals should be summarily hanged or flogged until dead and not shoved into an institution such as this, to rot away for the rest of their natural life. In one breath friend Hooton states that the fear of hanging will be an insurance against future crime and then goes on to state that crimes of rape, robbery and lust are all too prevalent today, even though he *doesn't* mention that Capital Punishment IS IN EFFECT AT THE PRESENT TIME. If the fear of hanging is an insurance, how come that, as he states, crimes of rape, robbery and lust are more prevalent

today?

Mr. Hooton calls these aforementioned Members of Parliament, idealists and fanatics. Some people are fanatical on certain subjects, even on the subject of poetry, especially when, like the "Voice in the Wilderness," they sadistically scream their hatred in the public press. We cannot reach the number of readers that were reached by Mr. Hooton, but like Mr. Hooton, we also have an opinion on the subject. There has been murder, robbery and rape since time began. Certain people at certain intervals, will murder, rape and rob. It must be apparent now that hanging, gassing, electrocuting, shooting or any other method, even the use of amateurish poetry, will not abolish these crimes as long as there are human beings with emotions they can't control. No, Mr. Hooton, we read your attempt at poetry. The only thing we got out of it was the knowledge of your hatred towards us. That is your privilege, but it surely is no solution. I'd like to sum it up with an attempt at poetry which I unhesitatingly place on par with yours:

The sadists have gathered at the jail,
"Hang him," they rant, they rave and they wail,
"Hang him so high he'll never come down,
Cleanse ourselves and our pure little town.
Abolish the rope? Why, how naive,
They'd rob, they'd rape, they'd pillage, they'd thieve.
The likes of these swine deserve not a chance.
At the end of the hemp, let them all dance."

Movie Pest

by 23652 via *Time*

"Golly, but it's dark in here. You'd think they didn't make enough dough to ...Oops! Did I get your foot, Miss?"

"Yes!"

"Sorry, it's these narrow aisles. A guy can't even ... Oops! Now, I'm real sorry, little boy. Knocked over your pop corn, didn't I?"

"Ya sure did, Buster!"

"Well, that's all right. I've got a box here I'll share with ..."

"Sit down up there!"

"Okay, pal, okay. Don't blow your top ... Hold it a minute, kid. I'll send the stuff up to you. Coming through, folks, coming through ... Oops! What was that I knocked over, Mister, your hat?"

"Yes."

"No, no. Don't get up. I'll get it for you ... Mmmm, let's see now. The thing has gotta be somewhere around here ... Ah, here we are! Seems I kinda stepped on it, Mister. Sorry. One of them things ... Boy, it really is dark in here. How do they expect a guy to ever find a ... Ah! Here's one. This seat empty, pal?"

"Yes."

"Good, good. Picture been on long?"

"No."

"Just started, huh?"

"Yes."

"A mystery, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Love 'em, love 'em, love 'em. Saw a good one over at the Palace last week. 'Murder in the Barnyard' ... didja see it?"

"No."

"Too bad, pal. You really missed a

good one. It's playing at the Grand now, I hear. You oughtta go over and take it in ... Anybody been killed in this one yet?"

"No."

"NO? What kinda stinker is this? One of them murderless mysteries? I hate 'em. Gore and plenty of it is what I like in mysteries ... How about you? You look like a guy who enjoys seeing the blood flow. You do, doncha?"

"No."

"You don't? Well, what'd you come in here for? To see this crummy flick? Look, pal, if you got dough to throw away, why doncha ya just ... Hey! By Jupiter, I almost forgot that kid ... Here, bud, pass this handfulla pop corn down to that little tyke sitting near the end, will you? I knocked his over coming in ... Sorry 'bout the grease on your hands ... Just lick it off ... That's how I get rid of it. Ha, ha! Bet the little guy thought I wasn't gonna send it ... Eh? What's that? You say you withed I hadn't ... Well! Of all the brass! Watta you trying to do, bud, start some trouble? What's the kid ever done to you? Well! Speak up! What's the little guy ever done to you?"

"Nothing."

"Then what's the idea of saying you withed I hadn't sent him his pop corn? This is a prime example of what's wrong with the movies nowadays ... A guy has gotta risk sitting next to crumbs like you ... Say, you there! Usher! Get me the manager. I gotta complaint to make!"

Boxing At The MOUNTAIN

by S. R. Cooper

On Monday August 3rd, The Stony Mountain Boxing Club put on its third holiday exhibition fight card. All fights were of a crowd pleasing nature and were well received.

The first match of the day was between "Tornado" Clark & "Gabby," both recent graduates of the Arthur Murray School of Dancing. As Pete Zegil & his band played "Dear Old Pal" and "Come back to Sorrento" they waltzed through three rounds for a six bale purse. Official decision, draw.

Ray Lee and "Kid" Herbert put on a terrific display for two rounds. Lee won on a T.K.O. in the third.

"Tiger" Morrisette & Bob Delisle engaged in a free swinging duel for three rounds, with the "Tiger" winning on a very close split decision.

Joe Papp and "Blackie" Papp exchanged pleasantries for two rounds only to find that Joe was too tired to answer the bell for the third round. "Blackie" was awarded a T.K.O.

Leo Popowich and "Pop" Mitchell had a brief flurried set-to which featured "Flying Mares" and rough-house tactics. "Pop" called it a day half way through the second allowing Leo to win by a T.K.O.

Welter-weight Champ Cote and Slim Red Saunders went at it hammer & tongs for three torrid rounds. Cote being the winner on a split decision.

K.O. Brown took on "Beer Barrel" Papoose which proved to be a dandy. From the first bell, both fighters attempted legalized mayhem, and continued on into the second round when the "Beer Barrel" caught up to Brown and knocked him out.

The feature bout of the day saw Bevins put his Light-Heavyweight crown on the line against Brothers. This bout measured up to expectations, with Brothers being the master of the situation throughout. Several heavy punches were landed by both boys with Brothers landing the cleaner and most damaging ones. Bevins tried hard to even matters in the fourth round but only to find himself being rocked by Brothers' superior artillery. Brothers won the decision, and is now the new Light-Heavyweight Champion. Congratulations champ, you put up a great fight.

H. Ceretti was referee for the entire card.

Jack Ross promoted the card.

T I N Y B I T S

by Rover

The other day while on our daily stroll, we happened to saunter past the ECHO office. Being one that arrives at the opportune moment, we were in time to notice George Powers in conference with several members of the editorial staff. As we entered the home of the Mountain Echoes we were fortunate enough to hear George proclaim verbally and with physical motions that he was an old fighter.

Not being one that takes in everything we hear, we naturally seemed hesitant to believe it. But Bud Winters informs us that it is fact and not fiction. To prove it he kindly consented to our use of his poem, which beyond the boxing shadow of a doubt, upheld George's fame as a pugilist.

'OIM AN OLD FOIGHTER

With dynamite packed in each fist,
He often fought the best on the list.
Fancy footwork, 'n tough, no hoity toiter
"Tis nothin'," sez Powers, "Oim an old foighter!"

Packed the Arena, the Gardens, them all.
Fought in the winter, spring, summer and fall.
Heavies, light-heavies, middles, no lighter!
"Twas nothin'," sez Powers, "Oim an old foighter!"

When the Lord beckons the true from this earth
So shall they all enter, as to their worth,
Against all liars, the gates slammed tighter,
"Amen," sez old Powers, "Oim an old foighter!"

Saw Marcoux running around the joint carrying bottles of pop and bricks of ice-cream while wearing a patch over his right eye. Reminds me of the days of Captain Kidd when he raided the seven seas. Methinks we'll have to look into all this pop and ice-cream.

This corner watched with humorous eyes the antics of one Ibey as he conducted the orchestra through its repertoire of songs. And a professional job he was doing, Maybe there is another Leopold Stokowski in the making.

Not only did George King win the Old Men's Race last field day, he also won the admiration of the joint. It seems that old Pop Gagnon of the change room was leading the race when he tripped and fell. King who was in second position, breezed into win. After George received his prize from the Awards' Table, he gave his prize intact, to Pop. A nicer gesture couldn't have been made, George. Nice going.

When the shipment of forty men arrived here from St. Vincent de Paul, it was found that all heads arrived safe and sound.

Job Selection For Inmates

by S. Severson

Some years ago a prison official was quoted as saying that the penitentiary has no interest in reforming criminals. It is assumed, of course, that he meant reform was for reformatories and not for penitentiaries. If this is true, and I do not believe that it is, then the crime committed by society against the inmate far exceeds the crime the inmate may have practiced against society. Considering the number of first offenders and the extreme youth of many of them, it is beyond belief that any government, and branch of society would, or could be, so calloused and indifferent in these enlightened times as to permit the imprisonment and total demoralization of large numbers of its fellowmen. Quite the contrary, the Canadian penal system of today has shown a great interest in the problem of reform and rehabilitation. That there is still a great deal to do before our reform system is properly efficient is not to be denied, but the way is open now as it has never been before in the history of our country.

With a programme of reform in mind, it may be suggested that the most effective plan is one that begins

as soon as the prisoner is admitted to the institution. The handling of each individual case should be given expert consideration and study. Special attention is required in choosing the type and place of work, for the work he does and the habits he acquires are most important to the prisoner's future welfare. It may very well influence his willingness to work and the kind of work he will seek immediately following his release. And that is a matter vitally concerned with successful rehabilitation. With this end in view some sort of guidance technique must be devised whereby the inmate can be assisted in his choice of vocational training.

Some objection may arise in connection with scientific selection of training on the grounds of additional expense. It may even be argued that an inmate can secure adequate training in any of the shops in the institution. But it must also be remembered that if the inmate receives his training in the wrong work no amount of effort and teaching will make him content and well adjusted. On the contrary he may become frustrated and discouraged and turn to other

other sources of satisfaction. The result is a problem prisoner, troublesome and unruly. It would seem evident, then, that a vocational counsellor is needed, not only to act as an advisor on job selection but also to contribute to a better adjustment pattern, as opposed to the delinquent one so often resultant under the current system.

The present Classification Officer in each penitentiary does, of course, act in the capacity of counsellor. It does not seem, however, that his actual approach to the problem is broad enough to obtain best results. This may be partly due to lack of facilities of classroom instruction and training shops, but it certainly presents a critical obstacle in the path of progress. In any case that is only part of the problem, for we know that in making an individual study of inmates various tests are required. While these tests may not in themselves be infallible, they do provide an insight into the inmates' behavior, which aids considerably in choosing the type of work in which he is most likely to prove successful. With a great many different types of men and a multiple variety of human problems, it is difficult

for the Classification Officer to keep at his disposal enough empirically valid tests to make a reasonably good judgement when placing inmates. To overcome this he is forced to develop a facility in sizing up individuals. He may, for instance, supplement his tests with a list of questions designed to bring out certain characteristics of which he is otherwise not certain. All this requires time, patient intelligence, caution, and a thorough understanding of the best methods of handling men. This cannot be accomplished in a single interview.

Vocational guidance has another important aspect. It enables the inmate to obtain advice on his qualifications and where they may best be fitted to correspondingly appropriate occupational needs. Then, too, the Classification Officer can point out to the inmate that work scientifically chosen can be more than just a tiring job; it can be the means for the satisfaction of his dominant motives. In short, a job properly selected, suggests working with a purpose, making a game out of work, and developing creative talent along lines that will yield - - in prison or out - - the most in contentment and satisfaction.

Negro Undertaker (over the telephone): "Rastus, your mother-in-law just died."

Rastus: "Is you sure 'bout dat?"

Undertaker: "Shall I bury her or embalm her?"

Rastus: "Don't let's take any chances, brother. Cremate her."

.....*Bindery Talk.*



COMMUNIST

DREAM !

by A. Seguin

It is a rather difficult, if not impossible, to realize that there are in Canada a certain number of persons who believe that a communist world empire is possible. Some of them work for that empire while others would welcome it or would be prepared to accept it.

What would a communist victory mean? The answer is found in the historical experience of the communist movement; where it has been in control; and where it has been in operation in communist dominated countries.

In all cases there is no conclusive evidence that material economic values would be gained through a communist world victory. Within Russia, the ideology has meant a definite lowering in the average standard of living. Two special features of the communist form of collectivization would always prevent a communist economy from raising the standard of living, and it follows that Russia could not possibly do for the world what it could not accomplish at home.

The first feature is the central objective of communismthe conquest and maintenance of all power. The second feature is a result of the first,

the complete economic centralization. These two features have failed to bring about the expected results in Russia and in other communist dominated countries. In fact the implementation of these features have had disastrous results. Such a communist economy transplanted in Canadian soil would result in a drastic lowering in our standard of living and would be followed by slavery.

Standard of living, however, is not the only economic value. Economic security and numerous economic freedoms are just as important. As claimed by communist propaganda, the communist economy would abolish unemployment, thereby giving everyone economic security. Security thus obtained could easily be compared to the security existing behind prison walls; it only serves to keep the inmates behind the walls and is not very conducive to personal freedom. Much of the so-called employment provided by communist economy is in forced labor camps and in slave gangs. The employee becomes a slave to his assigned work, and the fact that everyone not only may but must work to live does not necessarily mean that this kind of employment is the "ne

plus ultra" in job security. This so-called job security does not, in fact exist. Political intervention may, at any time, bring about certain changes resulting in purging, a permanent pleasure trip to sunny Siberia, or perhaps a shorter trip to the firing squad.

Similarly to the communist economic security, the economic freedoms are also non-existent. The rights to select or reject a job, to quit, to start on a new line of work or enterprise are necessarily denied. To criticize, organize and strike are offenses punishable by imprisonment or death. Consumer preference is disregarded, and the state decides what will be produced. The ultimate result is a complete annihilation of personal initiative, man becomes a slave and a tool in the hands of political anarchy such as the world has never seen or even thought of.

Much has been said and written about the conditions existing during the Middle Ages; they were extremely mild when compared to the communist age. Wars were fought and blood was shed for the emancipation of mankind from the chains and bounds of slavery. The communist ideologies wish to shed more blood so that mankind may experience a standard of living which would not compare with the conditions from which the

human race struggled with all its might to free itself.

Perhaps the communist system could benefit a certain class of morons, and there are some existing in every country; perhaps it has a certain appeal to our parasites, who could never help themselves and who need to be dominated. To the Canadian people, however, it assuredly has nothing to offer. Democracy, based on freedom of speech and press, freedom of worship, freedom from want and freedom from fear, as we know it in Canada, may not and will never be replaced by the false ideologies of communism. Democracy, with all its faults and its weaknesses, still permits the people to live, not merely exist.

The communist sympathizers, with whom the Canadian people do not sympathize, should be reminded that the doors leading out of Canada are free and easy. Canada will start worrying about her Democratic system only if and when the people will flock out of the country, dissatisfied with the existing conditions. As it is, the opposite is happening. People from communist dominated countries wish to come to Canada. We may well assume that they have a reason for leaving their countries, and it may be that the communist control is not quite what it is purported to be.

Golf: A game where the ball usually lies poorly and the player well.

... his foe was a powerful man, a ruler.

The

ASSASSINATION

by Red Beach

He peered cautiously from behind the cluster of willows, lest anyone should see him. Two hundred yards away was the house, surrounded by a hedge. He knew that in order to assassinate his victim he must reach the safety of this hedge, and in such a manner as to avoid all detection, for his foe was a powerful man, the ruler of all this terrain.

His eyes fell on this man, rocking lazily on his porch; peacefully smoking; unaware that death was so close. He broke open his pistol---five chambers full and one empty. Maybe he should have fully loaded it, but five should be enough for any man, even if his pistol was small. And from the distance he had in mind, his victim would never know what hit him.

He started advancing, skitting from pine to pine of the wood lot. Nearer and nearer he crept. And now he was at the end of the wood lot. He would have to crawl to the oak at the corner of the lot, then cautiously along the hedge. There could be no mistakes. He had failed too often, each time being nearly apprehended.

He edged forward slowly, holding his pistol half-cocked in his hand, all his senses were keyed. Closer and

closer he came to his objective. His victim was still unaware. His watchdog still remained curled up at his master's feet, dozing peacefully. Ah! Now the oak and a chance to catch his breath. He peered around the tree and a twig snapped faintly. He saw the dog's ears lift appraisingly. He froze against the tree and hoped, hoped that the dog wouldn't get his smell.

For a long time he waited, then, slipping to his knees, he again peered from behind his sanctuary. His victim was still there, reading, smoking his pipe, and the dog still curled up at his feet. A picture of peace and contentment. Once again the assassin checked his weapon, then slowly and quietly, he edged along the outside of the hedge. Now he was only forty feet away... now thirty. Foot by foot he narrowed the distance. He knew that he would have to kill the dog, too. His heart was thumping wildly, sweat poured from his face. He must not fail this time.

The porch now hid him from his victim. And there was a break in the hedge.

He edged towards the porch, then raised himself slowly. There was his

victim ... scarcely six feet away. Revenge flooded through him as he lifted the gun. Excitement swelled within him, and his arm shook slightly. He lowered the pistol, then raising it again and steadied it with both hands. He brought the sights to bear upon his victim's head. Slowly he eased back the hammer, squeezing the trigger to take up the slack.

BANG! Bang-bang-bang! BANG!

The victim seemed to be thrust from the chair by some strange and powerful mysterious force.

"What the blazes," he thundered.

"Hello, Daddy. Gotcha, didn't I?"

The assassin jumped up onto the porch holstering his cap pistol and ran into his father's arms. He had succeeded.

fish



tales

The man on the bridge addressed the solitary fisherman.

"Any luck?" he asked.

"Any luck!" was the answer. "Why, I got forty pike here yesterday."

"Do you know who I am?"

"No," said the fisherman.

"I'm the magistrate here, and all this estate is mine."

"And do you know who I am?" asked the fisherman, quickly.

"No."

"I'm the biggest liar in Maryland."



"What did you go fishing for?"

"Oh, just for the halibut."



Bill-"Don't worry; there's plenty of good fish in this lake."

Jim-"Yes, and I'm the guy that left them there."



Penal Echo-ettes

by S. C. Smith.

Transition - B. C. Your editorial, "Facts on Probation" a timely topic and right to the point. Jack McGrath hit the nail right on the head with, "The Sacred Cows," can't remember when I've read so much in so few words.

Tele-Scope - K.P. Johnny Brown again catches my eye with his article, "Blind Jake." I emphatically second the motion that the Institute for the Blind and the Parole Board (?) should get crackin' . . . Penal Publications are obligated to cite cases such as this. There should be more of it . . . (One of our gang, F. Lexier, who is a subscriber to your mag., claims he hasn't received it for two months. Will you check? Thanks.

Beacon - N.B. Congrats on the noticeable improvements, You're coming, but fast. Keep it up, it's nice to look forward to.

C.B. Diamond - "Family Contacts" by George Young, are our sentiments to the letter. This thought might be followed up by all members of the Penal Press....The Finger should realize that if a person wishes to throw bricks, he should also learn to duck in return. Give and take, "Fingers" old boy, when one writes about other people one cannot expect complete agreement.

"Eye Opener" - McAllister. What are we, outcasts? We wait and wait, we ask and ask, but still no "Eye Opener" for months. Maybe we don't interpret the word "Exchange" correctly...Come on McAllister, give us a look.

"The Clock," "The Echo," and "The Colony," newcomers to our exchange list. Very welcome indeed. Please keep them coming. We welcome all publications, this is directed to all penal institutions. Will some of you friends south of the border pass the word along?

Dear Reader:-



May we enlist your SUPPORT to enlarge our circulation?



Do you enjoy the contents of this magazine? If you do, and you must as it is evident by your subscription, show it to your friends mentioning that it is available by subscription. For it is only through you, the subscriber, that our circulation will grow.



Remember, a one years' subscription to MOUNTAIN ECHOES is ONLY \$ 1.00 (12 issues) mailed directly to your door.

Thank you.

